dead body? Did you expect a dead

body?"
"A dead body! a corpse!" exclaimed

night?"
"Dear me! dear me! I do not know

there he is knocking away at the door;

what will we do?'

The Mother Superior approached the

"Sir, what do you want here at this hour?" she asked, in a dignified tone of

"Will you open this door?" screamed the man outside. "Joe, wait; I'll help you take down the box."

you take down the box."

Down came the coffin. "Ugh, ugh!"
shivered Joe, and jumping a foot away.
"Spoony," ejaculated the man, and

"Spoony," ejaculated the man, and with one shove landed the heavy box into

the vestibule at the door.
"Open the door, I say," he screamed,

"or lave it battered down, for I won't ride another mile with this ghost behind

Slowly the key was put in the door,

The little porteress locked the door, and

put the key in her pocket.

"Call in that boy," said the Mother Superior, "and remain yourself till this box is opened; you shall not leave till you

witness the opening of this box."

The man became deathlike from fear;

shuddering, he answered:
"Not for my soal would I see the awful

thing—let me go!"

An ax was brought speedily and given

to the man; he was ordered to proceed. It was useless to refuse. The sooner done the better, and with one blow he made a

small opening in one end of the coffin. Suddenly his hand dropped, and he stared

at the nuns, exclaiming:
"It's the devil! let him alone—I saw

But even the devil could not be left

boxed is side the convent. Out he must

"Go on," replied the Mother, nerving herself to become an example of cour-

Another blow split the lid in two pieces,

The poor man leaned against the wall,

that it was some time before he could re-late it in a manner to be well understood.

"I took the thing," said he, "to the Catholic Church in—Street—(a burst of laughter)—and when I told the sexton I

had a dead body—(he! he! he!)—he
opened the door and carried it in, and laid
it in the aisle. Taking off our hats—(he!
he! he! pointing to the innocent beaver)

-there we waited, not opening our

church to read prayers over the body

but looking, like a wise man, first to see

where it came from, he turned to me, rather gruffly, I must say, and asked:

"'No, your reverence.'
"Well, this does not belong here; it is

lirected to Madame W \_\_\_\_, Convent S.

"Then I took it to the convent in-Street, and there I scared them out of

their wits, telling them they must take

with the police, I drove out here, as if the devil was after me, with that thing. He!

he! he!" (Pointing to the beaver.)
"How could you have made such a mis-

"No mistake at all, ma'am ; here, look at

my book, which please sign."
Sure enough it had been registered,
"Dead Body of A. Beaver, to be left at
Convent S. H., near New York City."

Who can say that the story has not already gone abroad, with broad margins filled up, that dead bodies are left at con-

vents after dark-indeed, in the dead

hours of night, and in the very face of our

Lots of People

found in any other remedy for the same

body. If false, they cannot harm you

unless you are wanting in character; and

it to be just as you recommended. It has done justice to me every time, and it

is the best Oil for horses I ever used.

Censure and criticism never hurt any-

take ?" inquired the Mother.

own city of New York?

class of diseases.

"With this, he went out, but I heard

"'Can you read writing?"

H. Take it away.'

the nuns!

and I'm off,"

his tail !"

half-a-dozen voices. "What could we with a dead body this hour of

God pity us all in our pitiful strife. God pity us all, as we jostle each other, God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather.

to the heart: words are keener tha And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey, On over the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish, instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herds all at peace on the plain, Man, and man only, makes war on his

And laughs in his heart at his peril and shamed by the beasts that go down on the

Is it worth while that we battle to bumble Some poor fellow down in the dust; God pity us all: "Ime too soon will tumble All of us together, like leaves in a gust, Humbled, indeed, down into the dust. -Joaquin Miller.

# A. BEAVER'S CONVENT ADVEN-

In the Convent of M—, not a hundred miles from New York City, the pious inmates were not long since aroused from their early rest by an unusual, unwelcome, and unexpected visitor. But we must be permitted to tell our story in our own way, and leave the curiosity of the reader respecting the guest for a short time unsatisfied, while we go back a little

in our narrative.

One of the nurs, whose zeal and skill in imparting knowledge is well known to many of our New Yorkers, exulted in the many of our New Yorkers, exulted in the proficiency of her class in Natural History, and with laudable pride displayed to visitors, who examined the convent with an idea of placing pupils at the academy, her cabinet of birds and curiosities illustrative of that branch of science. But there was still wanting in her collection a specimen of one of the most interesting of the class that build "houses without hands." That day Madame W——had endeavored to excite the admiration of her pupils for nature by her description of the wonderful nature by her description of the wonderful instinct of the beaver—the natural mason! His tail a perfect trowel! His work so artistic! His frame so adapted to his need! Still, the class listened, with glances toward one another that revealed an incredulity not flattering to the teacher. "Seeing will be believing," thought Madame W——. "A beaver I must have." But how to obtain one? Already her demand upon the treasurer for her class had exceeded her share, and a for her class had exceeded her snare, and a beaver would not be obtained without considerable trouble and expense. But the young ladies must see a beaver—it would be the finest specimen in the cabinet; indeed, now that the good nun had fixed her mind on the wish (for nuns are like all other good women), nothing she
had obtained heretofore seemed of any
value unless she could add a beaver.

After showing good cause why it should

After showing good cause why it should belong to the convent, the kind Mother Superior granted permission that a letter should be written to the convent in Canada, and an order given that a fine beaver be sent to M——, near New York at as little expense as possible.

Madame W——dreamed of the expected prize, and, with the enthusiasm of the naturalist, pictured to herself the wonder its presence would excite in the minds of her pupils, young and old.

her pupils, young and old.

Time passed, weeks came and went, and no tidings of the wary animal. Sometimes she thought it hopeless to look for its coming, and again she grew impatient, and declared she could have caught a wilderness of beavers herself in half the While she was losing patience and abus-

ing the tardiness of her sisters in the branch-house in Montreal, a busy scene might have solaced her heart had she been

In the middle of the school-room stood large box, in the centre of which was a black beaver, admirably stuffed and pre-

pared for transportation.

Several nuns, some in black vails and some in white, were around it, busily engaged in packing, in every crevice of space left, all the cast-off French books the institution could rake up, in order to supply the New York academy without the expense of express charge if sent in

any other way.

At last the box was ready; upon the cover was written "Madame W——, Convent of S. H., near New York."

One of the nuns wrote a note to the officer in charge of freight at the express office, and gave it to the man who was waiting for orders to remove the box from the convent.

The expressman, with help, lifted the box into his wagon; but its weight, which to him seemed extraordinary, excited his curiosity. When fairly out of sight of the convent, he slowly drew out the note from his pocket, and examined the

"I ought to know if I am taking fish or fowl to the market," thought he; I wonder it, just for the sake of knowing, wonder it, just for the sake of knowing, there would be a power of harm in my reading this bit of paper? Sure, what the express office can know, there is no harm in my knowing." Again he looked at the note: turned it around, and examined the writing from every point of view, and still he could not see why Mr. Lane, to whom it was addressed, would object to his knowing its contents. The note was carefully opened—he read in a

whisper:
"Will Mr. Lane please take particular care of this box? It contains the dead body of A. Beaver, which must be sent to the Convent of S. H. near New York,

without delay."
"Indeed! a dead body!" muttered the driver; "no wonder I could not lift it alone. Well, well! I'd like to know how the dead body of Mr. A. Beaver came to the convent, and why it must be sent to New York without delay, but that is

not my business."
The box was registered, "Dead Body of A. Beaver," and was placed with respect-ful care in the freight car, where it was

hinted that it must receive especial atten-tion till it reached its destination!

A few days after, a man from an ex-press-office stopped before the door of a Catholic church in New York city, and

in an undertone called around him two or three men, who were mixing lime at the time opposite a new building, to help him to carry into the church the body.

"Let it be buried decently," said the man to his comrades; "surely I can't go with it at this hour, five or six miles out of the city."

of the city."

The sexton of the church was busily

preparing for a festival the following day, and seeing the box brought into the aisle, inquired the meaning of the unexpected

arrival.

"You see," said the driver, "Mr. Beaver died suddenly with his friends, in Canada, and his cousins, the nuns, have sent him here, by express, to be buried decently; so just call a priest, and I'll feave you."

The box was laid at the head of the aisle near the altar, and the sexton whis-

pered to the man:
"Wait here till Father D—— blesse the corpse and sprinkles it with holy water."

Father D-- had just come in, greatly fatigued, from a number of sick calls, his patience not a little tried by the unreasonable demands of some of the invalids, who had sent for him before the doctor

who had sent for him before the doctor had been summoned.
However, hearing that a corpse was lying in the church waiting for interment, he put on his clerical robe, and, with a book in hand, entered the private door of the church leading to the sacristy.
"What is this "" inquired Father D——, with a could be a prearance.

rather gruffly, amazed at the appearance of the so-called coffin! "Can you read i' he asked, angrily, pointing to the name of

The sexton to whom he spoke, for the first time examined the address, and thoroughly mortified, answered:

"Yes, sir."
"Take this away." said Father D—— to and as slowly turned, while all but the porteress retreated a little distance back. The hall-lamp had been lighted. No sooner was the door opened than the long the astonished driver. "Do you not see it belongs to the convent?" belongs to the convent?"
"Six miles' ride to-night with a dead body? No, sir," replied the expressman. "I'll leave it in the street first."

box was thrust into the hall, occasioning by its entrance a chorus of shrieks from "Pil leave it in the street first."

"Take it to the convent," said the sexton; "they will keep it till morning."

Away drove the wagon to 17th Street, and the driver rang the bell violently. A timid-looking little Sister opened the

or.
"I have Mr. Beaver in the wagon, I must leave him all night with you," said the man, determined to put a bold face on.

"Oh, no! we can't receive gentlemen here," answered Sister M.—, alarmed at the idea.
"He won't hurt you," was the reply.

"He has been dead these three days."
"Dead three days!"
"Yes, dead these three days; and the nuns in Canada boxed bim, and sent him

by our express to you."

"Lord have mercy on his soul!" ejaculated Sister M——; "we can't take him here; you must take him away."

At this moment a matronly looking lady, in a long vail, and a rosary at her

side, with a heavy silver cross suspended from a ribbon around her neck, made her appearance, and, in the most decided and authoritative manner, ordered the intruder to leave the house, which, of course, he refused to do.

The express-book was then produced, and the order shown to the astonished

nuns.
"I know nothing of this man, nor will I receive the body here. I will call the police if you do not instantly leave the house," repeated Mother B——.
There was no remedy, to M—— he must and there stood the beaver!

A moment of wonder and amazement, and then such screams of laughter as could only equal the intense fear that a moment

before had held them all in such breathless There was no remedy, to M—— ne must go; and the sooner the better, he made up his mind, was his only course.

Picking up an idle-looking boy, whose old clothes indicated want, if not worse, he promised him a ride, and ten cents at the silence. and rolled from side to side, scarcely able to articulate. Such bursts of merriment interrupted his attempt to tell his story,

end of it, if he would go with him to M——six miles away—for he did not like the idea of a solitary drive with his companion. who seemed to have no friends willing to receive him.

It was late when they reached the grand

portal of the Convent of S. H. The sisters had finished their devotions. The lights, one after another, had been extinguished, until the dim light in the hall, and the low taper in the Infirmary, was all that could be seen in the pile of buildings on the com-manding eminence. Ding, ding, ding! sounded the loud door-beil, and startled the Mother and the porteress; for it was not permitted by their rules to receive visitors at this hour, and rarely were they disturbed. Again it rang! The hand was evidently a nervous one, and the person in great haste to enter. With trembling n great haste to enter. fear, Sister B-, the porteress, took her dim lantern in her hand and went to the lower hall door. Just when she reached it, another pull at the wire made the and echo through the silent corridors, and almost took away the little courage

she had suumoned while praying to saints and angels to stand between her and harm. "Who is there?" inquired Sister B—, in a low tone, that could not have been heard had not the man outside put his ear close to the keyhole, impatient to hear the first footfall that approached the door. Now and then, while waiting, he was glancing round at the wagon he had just left, to see that all was quiet there and in safe keeping with the boy who held the rein. The youth was shivering with terror, and counting the seconds that the driver left him alone, had fixed his large awas upon the low helpind hum as if his close to the keyhole, impatient to hear the

eyes upon the box behind him, as if his gaze could pin it to the wagon.

"Who is there?" repeated Sister B—, stooping down to the keyhole of the

"It is here," answered a hoarse voice "What is here ?" inquired Sister Ba little strengthened by curiosity.
"The body! the dead body!"

get bilious, have heavy headaches, mouth foul, yellow eyes, &c., all the direct result of impure blood which can be thoroughly cleansed, renewed and enriched with Kid-ney-Wort. It acts at the same time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and has more real virtue in a package than can be the voice outside. "The dead body!" reiterated Sister B—, dropping her lantern, and rest-ing both hands upon her knees, while bending down to the keyhole, and ventur-ing one more question before she meant to run away and leave the man to his fate.

replied

"The dead body! What do you mean?"
"I mean I have brought the corpse, and you must take it in," he answered,

if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and "Oh, have mercy on us!" screamed trouble. Sister B—, and away she ran to call the Mother. By this time the conversa-M. Sheehan, of Oscoda, Mich., writes:
"I have [used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil
on horses for different diseases, and found tion had awakened half-a-dozen nuns, and, before she reached the stairs, they came stealing down, alarmed at what they knew

not.
"Mother! madame!" said Sister B--, "Mother! madame!" said Sister B——, Observe that the name "Dr. Thomas's scarcely able to articulate, "a man at the door says he has brought the corpse. What as there are imitations of it.

THE BLASPHEMER.

A representative of the Evening News called on Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at the Mansion House yesterday and had the

authority.

"I want nothing, but I'd like to get rid of this corpse I've been carrying around all the afternoon for you—and not for ten living men would I have come all this way with a dead body at my back, if anyone would have taken it from me."

"But, my good man, you must go away; we cannot take in dead bodies here—we know nothing of it." "Neither of these gentlemen, or fathers know nothing of it."

"See here, now, none of your nonsense; this coffin is directed to you, and came by express to you; and open this door right off, or I'll batter it down."

"But, my good man—"

Whack, whack, whack, at the door, interrupted the sentence. The poor nuns fell on their knees and called for help. Whack, whack, whack!

"Will you open this door?"

"No, I simply echo the feeling of a great

of the Catholic Church?"
"I must wait for an invitation. I do
not think Father Lambert needs answering
in any way. He may be a good man, but
I know that the Catholic Church has no argument in favor of the supernatural, and for that reason I think no defender of that church worth meeting. Why should they wish to discuss with me? The claim that God is on their side-that he is taking care of their church, and if this is so they need care nothing about me. If Mr. Lambert has answered me, that is enough.

The book will show for itself. No doubt he has the old arguments and really believes that he has succeeded in demolishing all there is of science and infidelity. My objection to the Catholic Church is that it is the enemy of intellectual liberty. wy its entrance a chorus of shrieks from the nuns!

"Pay me eighteen dollars express charge, and I'm off," said the man, relieved, as if a mountain-load had been taken from his force are the foundation of such a chest.

Lambert is so anxious noticed by me. Of codoes not wish to be ac does not wish to be accepted on the "I oppose the Catholic Church for the that I do the Protestant. same reason that I do the Protestant. Both are the enemies of progress; both fill the present with fear and the future with flame. I do not hate Catholics or Protestants. I do not wage a war upon priests or ministers. It is not a personal matter. I am opposed to certain dogmas, certain ideas, and I attack them, not certain ideas, people. There is no reason for personal feeling. It is not a matter of like or dislike-but of logic. Hundreds of 'answers' have been published, and I have answered some of the best, but even those were not worth the time. There can be no answer to a fact, and no answer can help the old, absurd and cruel superstitions of the churches. I pity the poor people who have so little joy in this world and are yet frightened about the next. I want to do what I can to get fear out of the mind. The world is bad enough, anyway. Let us make all the joy we can."

FATHER CRONIE'S REPLY. With all due respect to the gifted infidel and his opinions, the News did not accept this answer as conclusive, or agree with Mr. Ingersoll when he says the "Notes" Mr. Ingersoil when he says the "Notes" are not worth answering. The "Notes" are considered by the intelligent public, Catholic and non-Catholic, to be worthy the mettle of an Ingersoil—and Ingersoil cannot escape that fact. This morning a representation of this representative of this paper called or Father Cronin, the accomplished editor of the Catholic Union, and secured the fol-

owing interview:—
"Did you hear Ingersoll?"

"No."
"Why, I thought you were a great ad-

mirer of eloquence."
"So I am. But I don't regard Ingersoll as eloquent in the genuine acceptation of tne term. He is indeed flippant, pungent and sparkling. But true eloquence is that which convinces the intellect and persuades the will. Ingersoll, in his anti-Christian blasphemies, does neither.

"What do you think of his latest effort. judging from the reports printed this morning? Has he any new arguments?" "I regard his talk last night as a rehash of the old baked meats of infidelity that Christian controversialists have flung to the dogs long before Ingersoll vouchsafed him laugh outside, and thought him mighty hardened. He! he!

his light to the world. "He has declined to reply to Father Lambert's 'Notes,' and here are his reasons (the reporter showed a printed slip of the interview above): what do you think of

the corpse in anyhow, for I would not let it follow me all the way out to—— this dark night. Afraid of getting into trouble his course ? "In declining a reply to Father Lambert's now famous 'Notes on Ingersoll,' the little joker shows admirable prudence. Indeed Father Lambert foretold this re-fusal when, at the close of his book, he

> "Of course we do not expect him to re ply to us, and for several reasons. First, he will not want to: second, he cannot: he will not want to; second, he cannot; third, he can pretend not to notice an obscure country pastor. Very well. Then let some of his disciples or admirers try to rehabilitate his smirched character. We hold ourselves responsible to him, and to all the glib little whiffets of his shallow

"When Ingersoll, therefore, said, 'I must until he felt the author's merciless blade fleshed in his quivering heart. If he wants to know how the 'Notes' are regarded by the non-Catholic and secular press through-out the country, let him turn to their com-

ments at the close of the book." "But don't you admire the Colonel's bravery and his well known sympathy

"Yes, Ingersoll is, par excellance, the

"On one occasion he (Ingersoll) was ence whatever.

ordered to guard a ford with instructions to delay an advancing army of rebels just as long as possible, in order that our army might make certain counter movements. He held his position as long as he could do it, but the enemy came up in such overwhelming force that he had no course left but to give the order to retreat THE "NOTES" NOT HEEDED-DECLINES TO RECOGNIZE FATHER LAMBERT—FATHER CRONIN REPLIES. Buffalo Evening News of Monday.

Mansion House yesterday and had the following talk:

"Have you read the 'Notes on Ingersoll,' by Rev. Father Lambert?"

"Several copies have been sent me, and I have read a few paragraphs—enough to see that the book amounts to nothing, that it is utterly devoid of anything worth

answering."
"Will you consent to meet Father Lambert or Father Cronin of this city in de-

as you call them, has ever signified any desire to discuss with me that I know of Have you been authorized to act for

"No, I simply cent out the Catholic Church many members of the Catholic Church who are championed by these gentlemen and who consider the 'Notes' worthy of a reply. Would you meet any dignitary of the Catholic Church?"

and loyal to principle as this hero, as easily persuaded to recognize the \_\_\_\_\_\_ Confederacy—how would the war "The brave Colonel's ready wit has not deserted him: it shielded him from the bullets of the rebels as it now shields him from the lance of Father Lambert." "Ingersoll says of Father Lambert's book that he has never felt any necessity of answering it. Well, there is no necessity. And there is no necessity that Robert should go about asking questions about God and Moses and immortality which he cannot answer. But while he is in the platform business Ingersoll would do well o give a little attention to the "Notes on Ingersoll." It is an admirable bit of destructive criticism, which is right in Bob's line, and the people who are reading it will soon begin to make up their minds that the preacher of infidelity doesn't feel the ability to answer it if he keeps on trying to ignore it."
The following pertinent remarks relative

to Ingersoll's new (!) lecture in Buffalo, appeared in Sunday's Express. We thank Mr. Matthews for his kindly mention of better work to do in Buffalo, new work more worthy of intellectual resources— than in delivering any new lecture. Let him answer some of the pungent "Notes on Ingersoll" which Father Lambert has made with reference to the gifted speaker's old lectures. The valiant Colonel has declined to

meet Father Lambert in open debate, on the shabby pretext that his merciless critic representative man of his What a poor excuse—especially for so keen a logician as Col. Ingersoll is sup-posed to be! He at least ought to know that what is said, not who said it, is the

left but to give the order to retreat-every man as best he could to save him-self. It was devil take the hindermost.

on there. Don't make — fools of yourselves; I've been doing nothing else for the last five minutes but wishing for

a good chance to recognize your -

material point to consider.

Father Lambert's little book is published in Buffalo, at the office of the Catholic Union, and the seventh edition is now going through the press, making 100,000 copies called for within a single

Such an enormous issue as that must give the "Notes" more actual power than Col. Ingersoil would be likely to meet in

"any representative" Catholic. He could not possibly belittle his own position by not possibly belittle his own position by noticing those potent "Notes."

I hope that every one who listens to the eloquent infidel to-morrow night will buy a copy of Father Lambert's book. Its

price is but 50 cents in cloth binding and 25 cents in paper. It will cost 50 cents to hear Ingersoll. The antidote surely is worth more than the bane. Buffalo Courier

The statement of Colonel Robert Ingerprofessional atheist, in regard to Father Lambert of Waterloo, made to a Courier reporter yesterday, is not merely discourteous but false. That gentleman has not written against Ingersoll for notohas not written against Ingersoll for notoriety. His first "Notes" were printed in
a weekly paper published in a country
village, and he was only persuaded to
collect them in book form by the solicitation of friends. The reputation of his
work has grown so rapidly that it does
not need any new advertising from a
direct controversy with Colonel Ingersoll,
while the distinguished orator's fame as an
opponent of religion has steadily decreased
with the circulation of this and other
unanswered criticisms. The opinion is unanswered criticisms. The opinion is gaining ground that the gallant Colonel does not answer because he is not able.

# How to Save Boys.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instinct, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very "When Ingersoli, therefore, said, I must wait for an invitation,' he was simply telling another untruth, just as when he stated that he read only a few pages of the 'Notes.' That book he read and re-read panionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the dis-turbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, that their homes compete with pubic places in attractiveness. Open your clinds by day, and light fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and en-tertaining sports. Banish demons of dull-ness and apathy that have so long ruled orator of gush, and verbally at least, loves | in your household, and bring in mirth and to shed maudlin tears down his fat red good cheer. Invent occupations for your cheeks. I believe he even wept for his sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy clients—the star-route thieves. As for his bravery, the present retreat of the brave Colonel reminds me of another retreat than mere pleasure. Whether they shall Colonel reminds me of another retreat made by him during his short but brilliant military career. The story is told by James Redpath, and told with evident by James Redpath, and told with evident that, with exertion and right means, a mather may have more control over the destiny of her boy than any other influ-

### CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

'COLOSSAL CHEEK" AND WANT OF POLITE-NESS ITS PRIME FACTORS

Catholic Columbian.

Have you ever noticed the number of wall-flowers that cluster in the back part of Catholic churches during Mass on Sunday, or impudently enter a pew paid for by some one else? It is hardly necessary for me to ask this question, because I feel satisfied your answer will be, "Yes." It has become so much like a rule with a certain class representing the rising generation, so accomplished in the purchase of a halt dozen cigars or a reserved seat in the theatre, that it can scarcely pass unobserved to any one. The adamantine "cheek" displayed by those individuals, and their weak excuses of financial inability are truly wonderful; and this acquirement and pretext is the result of a studied cultivation that, if applied to some of the better faculties, would be productive of better results than those attained by the cultivation of "cheek."

During the delivery of the sermon, how Catholic Columbian. self. It was devil take the hindermost. As Col. Ingersoll was galloping away with his men, as fast as their horses could get over the ground, his horse stumbled in a lane and thre whim. Just as he fell several balls struck the logs near him, and on looking up he saw two or three Rebels raising their carbines at him. With characteristic quickness and presence of mind he shouted at the top of his voice:—'Hold on there. Don't make — fools of onfederacy.'

"He was taken prisoner. And as Mr. Redpath informs us further: 'He was not exchanged, I believe, but paroled and sent home. This ended his military career.'

"If all our soldiers had been as brave this here.

During the delivery of the sermon, how sneakingly some of them will slide into an unoccupied seat that they will, after seated, occupy with the same sang froid of the person across the aisle, who has paid for his. And these are of the rising generation, so accomplished in all that pertains to the art of money-making; experts in the art of cultivation of that colossal "cheek" approaching insolence; adepts in the art of infringing upon the rights of others who regard this obligation as self-imposed, and a necessity, and as such, viewed from an obligatory point, must be faithfully discharged. But those representatives of this age of "Prince Alberts" and "toothpick" shoes do not regard this as an obliga-tion, but rather—to judge from their actions—as an imposition upon their blessed rights that can only be remedied

by ignoring it.

It may be proper to remark right here that an investigation would prove that those young men who faithfully discharge this duty are synonyms for moral honesty and although this grade of honesty is and although this grade of nonesty is inconsistent with the acquisition of wealth, its practice gains for a man the implicit confidence of his fellow beings. Point out the man who faithfully discharges this duty, and I will show you a man who can be implicitly trusted. Ex-Mr. Matthews for means and the father Lambert's "Notes":

Col. "Bob" Ingersell is announced for a mine all the defalcations and embezzle-ments and you will not find him as the criminal. If there should be some important mission to fill in the interest of a would the congregation appoint church, would the congregation appoint any one of those individuals who hug the

wall every Sunday during Mass? It appears to me they would not.

However, in this connection I wish to say that there is not that degree of courtesy extended to strangers in churches that there should be. tainly makes a very bad impression upon a stranger to be obliged to remain standing during the entire service, and tainly will give that church a wide berth afterwards. If this were confined alone to men, it would not be so bad, but in some churches they are selfish enough to compel ladies to stand while strong, hearty men occupy seats that common courtesy should induce them to yield in favor of a

woman.
Some years ago, at a certain church in
this State, Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell
was administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. The church was well filled, woman. and many were standing. Among those and many were standing. Among those who enjoyed this luxury was a woman, apparently but just after arising from a bed of illness, with an infant in her arms. The child was crying vigorously, because of the uncomfortable position in which it had to be held, while the poor mother, exhausted by weakness and the weight she bore in her arms, was compelled to sit where—on the floor; and she was sit where—on the floor; and she was kindly permitted to remain there from the time she sat down till services were

the above; and in this instance can it be termed discourtesy only? No; a man with a fragment of manhood in him would denounce it as unworthy of a savage Com-manche. A man will not lose anything by being courteous to strangers who may enter his church, and a stranger will not fail to appreciate the motives that induce such courtesy. FERGUS O'SHANE.

# Burying A Trappist.

A correspondent visited the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Ky., recently Of the monks and their habits he says "When a monk dies no useless coffin incloses his breast, but, wrapped in his circular, with his cowl drawn over his head as in life, he is buried. Each grave is cov-ered with myrtle and has a black wooden cross bearing the name of the cell's dusty inmate. At the foot of each grave is a little stool, where the father who conducts you kneels to pray for the soul of the departed, At the end of the row is a new, open grave, which will receive the next body, and which constantly helps the father to 'remember death.' There are no qualifications for the Trappist order.

Any man who will obey the rules may stay seven years, giving his labor to the community and his thoughts to God, and, if he does not like it then, may withdraw. ous works, among which is a Bible printed at Lyons in 1532." The abbey contains a fine library of religi-

# Cant Phrases.

I think there is one habit worse than that of punning, says Wendell Holmes. It is the gradual substitution of cant or flash terms for words which truly characterize their objects. I have known several very genteel idiots whose whole vocabulary has deliquesced into some half-dozen expressions. All things led into one or two categories—fast or slow. Man's chief end was to be a brick. When the great calamities of life overtook their friends, these last were spoken of as being a good deal cut up. Nine-tenths of human existence were summed up in the single word bore. These expressions came to be the algebraic symbols of minds which have grown too weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank cheques of intellectual ruptcy; you may fill them with what ideas you like, it makes no difference, for there are no funds in the treasury upon The following sp Dr. Dearin, in the St. John, Newfo April 14th, on the Dr. Dearin said

JUNE 14, 1884.

THE LAND TE

pleasure in suppor petition. I take of ing done somethin nonor of bringing luring last session learned member for I may be permitt praise, and say the ast year I made or speeches upon The Government up, and it shows yes when the tro uch a report as the my hand; but at that the report some attention sho the premises on the Street; the partic tention last year. not have confined but should have to every part of the and tenure. The able one, and has of information in

ermis ion, Mr. S the report of the S tive Council and the important sul are in St. John uestion whether to Legislative inte that since the cle the Legislature, th them, and much The first step mittee was to les the leases under

proving tenants their present agr For this purpo was prepared, diview, and these several parties or bearing. Replies large number of while on many of opinion that existing condition The matter ha considered as to recommendation might not assum in the interests side property of ent derives a larg

the usurped pos waters of the h

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lapsed by any a estimated value wn at \$2,120, of 20 years value The importar contemplation of the acquisition of tion on the subje requested to en committee have man an elabora subject, the res care, and marke most valuable re and guidance. It shows how Harbor have bee

the absolute ne to arrest the pro ernment. This son is herewith mittee feel that him, that gent service of much The whole su the Committee unwise to dea maturely consideration The Committee uable data has

labours, and the

enabled from acquired to app apply to it such hall seem best objects to be ac All the troub in the preparatibe thrown aw lowing from t meet the wishe the intention o with the questi question, one ould occupy t No petition the of St. John's a number of sign bering over fiv to its importan ously and resp be treated ligh members pres 1846. Those

"Sweet Aubur plain, Where wealth ing swain There was 1

that sad and :

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with the app Goldsmith's de

of St. John'

ing little town morning; con each one was tion, little thi occur. In a l houses that m afternoon. I more than th had seats in so far as these believe that

their minds. strange coinci